

259

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY



A Barrack Room

BALLAD

WORDS BY

**RUDYARD
KIPLING**

MUSIC BY

**HENRY
TREVANNION**

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PUBLISHED BY

Joseph Flanner

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CHARLES KING, Brig. Gen. U. S. V. 8th Corps, Manila.

On the Road to Mandalay.

A Barrack-Room Ballad.

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music Revised and Adapted by HENRY TREVANNION.

Moderato: tempo comodo.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef, starting with a series of eighth notes and a half note, marked with a forte (*mf*) dynamic. The left hand plays a bass line in bass clef, primarily using chords and single notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

To be sung "parlando," as if telling a story.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are as follows:

1. By the old Moulmein Pa - go - da, look - in' east - ward to the sea, There's a
2. 'Er pet - ti - coat was yal - ler an' 'er lit - tle cap was green, An' 'er
3. I am sick o' wast - in' leath - er on these grit - ty pav - in'-stones, An' the
4. Ship me somewheres east of Su - ez where the best is like the worst, Where there

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

Bur - ma girl a - set - tin', and I know she thinks o' me; For the
name was Su - pi - yaw - lat - jes' the same as Thee - baw's Queen, An' I
blast - ed Heng - lish driz - zle wakes the fe - ver in my bones; Tho' I
aren't no Ten Com - mand - ments, an' a man can raise a thirst; For the

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wind is in the palm-trees, and the tem-ple bells they say: "Come you
seed her first a smok-in' of a whack-in' white che-root: An' a-
walks with fif-ty 'ouse-maids out-er Chel-sea to the Strand, An' they
tem-ple-bells are call-in', an' it's there that I would be— By the

back, you Brit-ish sol-dier; come you back to Man-da-lay!" Come you
wast-in' Christ-ian kiss-es on an 'eath-en i-dol's foot: Bloom-in'
talks a lot o' lov-in', but wot do they un-der-stand? Beef-y
old Moul-mein Pa-go-da, look-in' la-zy at the sea— On the

a tempo.

back to Man-da-lay, Where the old Flo-til-la lay: Can't you
i-dol made o' mud— Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd— Pluck-y
face an' grub-by 'and— Law! wot do they un-der-stand? I've a
road to Man-da-lay, Where the old Flo-til-la lay, With our

p *Leggierissimo.*

ear their pad - dles chunk - in' from Ran - goon to Man - da - lay? On the
 lot she cared for i - dols when I kissed 'er where she stud! On the
 neat - er, sweet - er maid - en in a clean - er, green - er land! On the
 sick be - neath the awn - ings when we went to Man - da - lay! On the

a tempo.
 road to Man - da - lay, Where the fly - in' - fish - es play, An' the

a tempo.

dawn comes up like thun - der out - er Chi - na 'crost the Bay!

rall. *f* *pp*

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